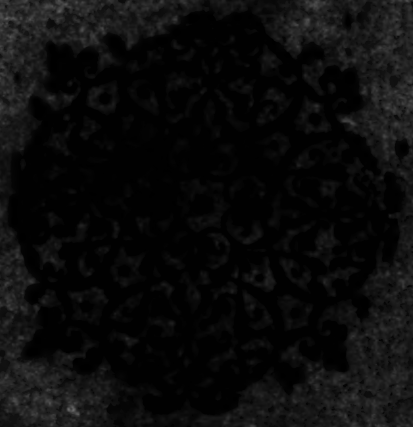
PHILLIS and FLORA.

The sweete and ciuill contention of two amorous Ladyes.

Translated out of Latine: by
R. S. Esquire.

Aut Maro vel Naso.



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THE PRINTER.

To the Gentlemen Readers, aswell such as professe to be *Mars* his Souldiers, as those deuoted to be *Mercuries* Schollers.

COurtuous Gentlemen, according to my accustomed maner, which is, to acquaint you with any Booke, or matter I print, that beareth some likelihood to be of worth, or might seeme pleasing or acceptable in your fauorable censures: So now, happening vpon a sweete Poeme, *contayning, A ciuill contention of two amorous Ladyes (both virgins, and Princesses) The one deuoted, in her loue, to a Souldier; the other affecting a Scholler: And both to mayntaine their choyce, they contende (as women) to commende and reproue eyther others Loue, by the best and soundest reasons they can alleadge, whether the Scholler or the Souldier, were the more allowable by his profession in womens mindes; and aptest & worthiest to be best accepted into Ladyes fauours. Please it you therefore, to reade the* Poeme *to the ende, then fauourably to censure of their opinions: and the rather with more fauourable iustice, because they were Ladyes. If the matter like you, thanke the Gentleman that translated it, who craueth no other reward for his labour: If otherwyse, yet of your wonted curtesies, I pray you to pardon mee the Printer, that procured the same from him to be published: So shall you binde me yours, as I haue been euer willing to please you.*

R. Iohnes.

To the Gentlemen Free-

THE AMOROVS CONTENTION OF *PHILLIS* and *FLORA*: Translated out of Latine, by *R. S. Esquire.*

IN flowry ſeaſon of the yeere,
And when the Firmament was cleere,
When *Tellus* Hierbales paynted were
with iſſue of diſparent chere.

When th'vſher to the morne did riſe,
And driue the darknes from the ſkyes,
Sleepe gaue their viſuale liberties
To *Phillis* and to *Floras* eyes.

To walke theſe Ladyes liked beſt,
For ſleepe reiects the wounded breſt,
Who ioyntly to a Meade addreſt,
Their ſportance with the place to feaſt.

Thus made they amorous acceſſe,
Both virgins and both Princeſſes,
Fayre *Phillis* wore a liberal treſſe,
But *Flora*, hirs in Curls did dreſſe.

Nor in their ornamentall grace,
Nor in behauiour were they bace,
Their yeeres and mindes in egall place
Did Youth and his effects embrace.

A little yet vnlike they prooue,
And ſomewhat hoſtilely they ſtroue:
A Scholler *Floras* minde did mooue,
But *Phillis* likt a Souldiers loue.

For ſtature and freſh bewties flowrs,
There grew no difference in their dowrs,
All thinges were free to both their powrs
Without and in their courtly bowrs.

One Vow they made religiously,
And were of one societie
And onely was their impacie,
The forme of eithers phantasie.

Now did a timely gentle gale,
A little whisper through the dale,
Where was a place of festivale,
With verdant Grasse adorned all.

And in that Meade-prowd-making Grasse,
A Riuer like to liquid Glasse,
Did in such sound-full murmure passe,
That with the same it wanton was.

Hard by this Brooke a Pyne had seate,
With goodly furniture compleate,
To make the place in state more greate
And lessen the inflaming heate.

Which was with leaues so beeuy-sided,
And spread his Brest so thicke and wide,
That all the Sunnes estranged pride,
Sustainde repulse on euery side.

Fayre *Phillis* by the foorde did sit,
But *Flora* far remou'd from it,
The place in all things sweete was fit,
Where Herbage did their seates admit.

Thus milde they opposite were set,
And coulde not their affects forget,
Loues Arrows and their Bosoms met,
And both their harts did Passion-fret.

" Loue, close and inward shrowds his fires,
" And in faint words firme sighs conspires,
" Pale Tinctures change their checks attires
" But modest shame entoombs their ires.

Phillis did *Flora* sighing take,
And *Flora* did requitale make:
So both together part the stake,
Till foorth the wound and sicknes brake.

In this chang'd speech they long time staide,
The processe all on Loue they laide,
Loue in their harts their lookes bewraide,
At last in laughter *Phillis* saide:

Braue Souldier sayd she, O my Paris,
In fight, or where so ere he tarries,
The Souldiers lyfe, lyfes glory carries,
Onely worth *Venus* houshold quatries.

While she hir warr-friende did prefer,
Flora lookt coye and laught at her:
And did this aduerse speech auer:
Thou shouldst haue said, I loue a Begger.

But what doth he my hart embraces?
A thing create, that all things paſſes,
Whom Nature bleſt with all hir graces,
O Clerkes, in you Bliſſe all bliſſe places.

Phillis to Flora.

This hard ſpeech *Phillis* hardly takes,
And thus ſhe *Floras* pacience crakes:
Thou lou'ſt a Man pure loue forſakes,
That God his godles bellie makes.

Riſe wretch from this groſſe Extaſie,
A Clerke ſole Epicure thinke I,
No Elegance can bewtifie,
A ſhapeles lump of Gluttonie.

His hart ſweete *Cupids* tents reiects,
That onely meate and drinke affects:
O *Flora*, all mens intelects
know Souldiers vows, ſhun thoſe reſpects.

Meere

Meere helpes for neede his minde ſuffiſeth
Dull ſleepe, and ſurfeits he deſpiſeth,
Loues Trumph his temples exerciſeth,
Cooradge and loue, his life compriſeth.

Who with like band our loues combineth?
Euen Natures law thereat repineth,
My loue in conqueſts palme-wreths ſhineth,
Thine feaſt deforms, mine fight refineth.

Flora hir modeſt face enroſed, *Flora to Phillis.*
Whoſe ſecond ſmile more fayre diſcloſed
At length with mooving voyce ſhe loſed,
What Art in her ſtorde Breſt repoſed.

Phillis, thy fill of ſpeech thou haſt,
Thy witt with pointed wings is graſt,
Yet vrdgeſt not a trueth ſo vaſt,
That Hemlocks Lillies haue ſurpaſt.

Falſe louing Clerkes thou holdſt for cleere,
Seruants to ſloth, and bellie cheere;
So Enuie, Honor would enpheere,
But giue me eare, Ile giue thee anſwere.

So much enioyes this Loue of myne,
Hee'ere enuies, or hirs, or thyne;
Houſhold ſtuffe, Honny, Oyle, Corne, wine,
Coyne, Iewels, Plate, ſerue his deſigne.

Such pleaſing ſtore, haue Clerks by-lying,
As none can fayne their dignifying:
There, Loue claſps his glad wings in lying,
Loue euer firme, Loue neuer dying.

Loues ſtings in him are ſtill ſuſtained,
Yet is my Clerke nor pinde nor pained:
Ioy hath no part in him reſtrained,
To whom his loue beares thoughts-vn-

Palled, and leane, is thy Elected,
Poore, scarce with Cloths, or skin con-tected;
His Sinews weake, his Breſt dyjected,
For nothing cauſde, maks nought effected.

Approching Neede is Loues meere hell,
Souldiers want gyfts to woo Loues well:
But Clerks gine much, and ſtill heaps ſwell,
Their Rents, and Riches ſo excell.

Right well thou knowſt (*Phillis* replide)
What in both Arts, and lyues abide,
Likely, and clenly thou haſt lide:
But thus our difference is not tride.

Phillis to Flora.

When Holy-day the whole world cheeres,
A Clerke lites modeſt figure beares:
His crowne is heauen, black weeds he weares
And ſhowes a mind, halfe dround in teares.

None is so poore of sence or eyne,
To whom a Souldier doth not shyne:
At ease, like sprightles Beasts liues thyne,
Helms, & barbd Horse, do weare out myne

Mine, low with armes makes Foe-towrs ly
And when on foote he fight doth try,
While his fayre Squire his Horse holds by,
Mine thinks on me, And then they dy.

He turns, fight past, and Foes inchased,
And lookes on me with Helme vnlaced,
Lifts his strong lyms, & brest strait graced,
And sies kyss-blesse me, O hart-placed.

Flora hir wrath, in parts did spye,
And many a Dart at hir lets flye:
Thou canst not make with heauen-teacht
A Camell pierce a needels eye.

Flora to Phill.

False

False goes for true, for Honny, Gall,
To make a Clerke, a Souldiers thrall:
Doth Loue to Souldiers coradge call?
No, but the neede they toyle withall.

Fayre *Phillis*, would thy Loue were wise,
No more the trueth to contarise:
Hunger and thirst bow Souldiers thies,
In which Deaths path, and *Plutos* lies.

Sharpe is the wasting bane of Warre,
The lot is hard, and straymeth farre:
The lyfe is stooping, doubts doth iarre,
To get such things as needefull are.

Knewst thou the case, thou wouldst not say,
Shauen haire shamd Clerks, or black aray:
Worne higher honors to display,
And that all states they ouerway.

All things ſhould to my Clerke encline,
whoſe crowne ſuſtains th'Impereal ſigne;
He rules and payes ſuch friendes as thine,
And Lay muſt ſtoope, to men diuine.

Thou ſayſt that ſloth, a Clerke diſguiſeth,
Who I confeſſe baſe workes deſpiſeth;
But when from cares his free minde riſeth,
Heauens courſe & Naturs he compriſeth.

Mine Purple decks, thine Maile bedighteth
Thine liues in war, mine peace delighteth
Olde acts of Princes he reſighteth,
All of his friend thinks, ſeeks, & wrighteth.

What *Venus* can, or Loues wingd lord,
Firſt knowes my Clerke, and brings me word:
Muſicke in cares doth mine afford,
Thine ioyes in rapine and the ſword.

Here

Here ſpeech & ſtrife had both their ending,
Phillis askt iudgment, all ſuſpending:
Much ſtir they made, yet ceaſt contending,
And ſought a Iudge in homewards wending.

With Countnances that egale beene,
With egale Maieſtie beſeene:
With egale Voyce, and egale ſpleene,
Theſe Virgins ward vppon the Greene.

Phillis a white robe bewtified,
Flora wore one of two hews dide:
Phillis vpon a Mule did ride,
Flora did back a horſe of pride.

The Mule was that which being create,
Neptune did feede, and ſubiugate:
Which after fayre *Adonis* fate,
He *Venus* ſent to cheere hir ſtate.

This she the Queene of *Iberine*,
Phillis fayre Mother did resigne,
Since she was giuen to workes diuine,
Whence *Phillis* had the Mule in fine.

Who of the Trappings asks, and Bit,
The Mule (though siluer) champing it:
Know all things were so richly fit,
As *Neptunes* honor might admit.

Then *Phillis* no decorid wanted,
But rich and bewtious, all eyes daunted:
Nor *Floras* vertue lesse enchaunted,
Who on a welthy Palfrey vaunted.

(lightnes,
Tamde with his Raines, won heauen for
Exceeding fayre, and full of wightnes,
His Brest Art deckt with diuers brightnes,
For Ieate blacke mixt, with Swans pure
(whightnes.

Young

Young and in dainty ſhape dygeſted,
His Lookes with Pride, not Rage inueſted:
His Mayne thin haird, his Neck high creſted,
Small Eare, ſhort Head, and burly Breſted.

His brode Backe ſtoopt to this Clerks-loued,
which with hir preſſure nought was moued:
Strait Legd, large Thighd, & hollow Houed,
All Natures skill in him was proued.

An Iuorie ſeate on him had place,
A hoope of Golde did it imbrace,
Grauen: and the Poitrell did enchace
A Stone that ſtar-like gaue it grace.

Inſcription there allurde the eye,
With many a wondrous miſterie:
Of ancient thinges made noueltie,
That neuer man did yet deſcrie.

The God of Rhetoriques nuptiall bowre,
Adornd with euery heauenly powre,
The Contract, and the Mariage bowre,
And all the most vnmeasurd dowre.

No place was there that figurd nought,
That could through all the world be sought:
But more excesse of Metuails wrought,
Then might inceede a humane thought.

The skyll of *Mulciber* alone,
Engrau'd that admirable Throne:
VVho looking stedfastly thereon,
Scarse thought his hand such art had shone.

The Trappings wrought he not with ease,
But all his payne employde to please:
And left to go in hand with these,
The Tardge of great *Aeacides*.

A Styrrop for hir feete to preſſe,
And Bridle-Boſſes he did dreſſe,
And added Rains in worths exceſſe,
Of his ſweete Spowſes goulden Treſſe.

Thus on their famouſe Caualrye,
Theſe Prince-borne Damzels ſeemd to flye:
Their ſoft young cheekebales to the eye,
Are of the freſh Vermilion dye.

So Lillies out of Scarlet peere,
So Roſes of the Vernall yeere,
So ſhoote two wanton Starrs yfeere,
From the eternall burning Spheere.

The Child-Gods gracefull Paradiſe,
They ioyntly purpoſe to inuiſe:
And louely emulations riſe,
In note of one anothers guiſe.

Phillis to *Flora*, laughter led,
And *Flora Phillis* answered:
A Merlin *Phillis* managed,
A Sparhawlke *Flora* caried.

In little tyme these Ladyes founde,
A Groue with euery pleasure crounde:
At whose sweete entrie did resounde,
A Foorde that flowrd that holy grounde.

From thence the sweete-breathd winds conuay,
Odors from euery Mirtle spray:
And other flowrs, to whose aray,
A hundred Harpes and Timbrels play.

All pleasurs Studie can inuent,
The Dames eares instantly present:
Voyces in all sorts different,
The foure parts, and the Diapent.

Two tunes that from those Voyces flie,
With admirable harmonie:
The Tymbrell, Harpe, and Psalterie,
Reioyce in rapting symphonie.

There did the Vials voyce abounde,
In Musicke Angellike profounde:
There did the Phise dispredden rounde,
his songe in many a variant sounde.

All Birdes with tunefull bosoms sing,
The Blackbird makes the woods to ring:
The Thrush, the Iay, and she in Spring
Rues the past Rape of *Thraces* king.

Their shrill notes to the Musicke plying,
Then all the different Flowrs descrying:
The Odors in abundance flying,
Prou'd it the Bowre of Loues soft-lying.

The Virgins ſomething entered here,
And ſprinckled with a little feare:
Their harts before that helde Loue deare,
In *Cupids* flames encreaſed were.

And while each winged Foreſter,
Their proper Rumors did prefer:
Each Virgins minde made waight on her,
Applauſes apt and ſinguler.

Deathles were he coulde there repoſe,
Each path his ſpycie Odor ſtroes:
Of Mirh and Synamon there groes,
And of our bleſſed Ladyes Roſe.

Each Tree hath there his ſeuerall bliſſe,
In fruites that neuer ſeaſon miſſe:
Men may conceaue how ſweete Loue is,
By that Celeſtiall Court of his.

The dauncing companies they ſee
Of Young men and of Maydens free:
Whoſe Bodyes are as bright in Blee,
As Starrs illuſtrate Bodyes bee.

In which ſo metuaylous a guyſe,
Of vnexpected Nouelties:
Theſe Virgins boſoms through their eyes,
Were daunted with a quicke ſurpriſe.

Who ſtay their Boyall Steads outright,
And almoſt from their Seates alight:
Forgetting their endeuors quight,
with that proud Rumors ſweete affright.

But when ſad *Philomene* did ſtraine
Hir Rape-full-Rauing Breſt againe,
Theſe Ladyes hearing hir complaine,
were reinflamd in euery vaine.

About the Center of the Spring,
A ſecret place is where they ſing:
And vſe their ſupreme worſhypping,
Of Loues neare-darting fiery king.

There many a two-ſhapt companie
of Faunes, Nimphes, Satyres, meete and plie:
The Tymbrell, and the Pſalterie,
Before Loues ſacred Maieſtie.

There beare they Goblets, bigg with wine,
And Coronets of Flowrs combine:
There Nimphs, and Fauns demy-diuine,
Doth *Bacchus* teach to foote it fine.

Who keepe true meaſure with their feete,
That to the Inſtruments do fleete:
But olde *Silenus* playes not ſweete,
In Conſort, but indents the ſtreete.

The Spring-ſleepe did his temples lode,
As on a long-eard Aſſe he rode:
Laughters exceſſe to ſee him nod,
Diſſolu'd the Boſome of the God.

Freſh Cups he euer cals vppon,
In ſounds of imperfection:
With Age and *Bacchus* ouergon,
They ſtop his voyces Organon.

Amongſt this gameſome crew is ſeene,
The iſſue of the Cyprian Queene,
Whoſe head and ſhoulders fethered beene,
And as the ſtarrs his countnance ſheene.

In his left hand his Bow he bare,
And by his ſide his Quiuer ware:
In powre he ſits paſt all compare,
And with his Flames the worlde doth dare.

A Scepter in his hand he hild,
With *Chloris* native flowrs, vntild,
And *Nectars* deathles Odors ſtild,
From his bright lookes the Sunne did guild.

The triple Graces there aſſiſt,
Supporting with their Breſts commiſt:
And Knees that *Tellus* boſome kiſt,
The Challice of this Amoriſt.

Theſe Ladyes now approched neare,
And worſhipped exempt from feare
Loues God: who was enuirond there
with Youth, that honord ſtiles did beare.

Their ioy is ſuperexcellent,
To ſee a Court ſo confluent:
Whom *Cupid* ſeeing, their intent,
Doth with his greeting interuent.

He askes the cauſe for which they came:
They confidently tell the ſame:
And he giues prayſe to eyther Dame,
That durſt ſo great a warre proclame.

To both he ſpake to make ſome pauſe,
Vntyll their honorable cauſe
Profoundly wayde in euery clauſe,
Might be explande with all applauſe.

He was a God which well they know,
Rehearſall needes it not beſtow:
They light and reſt, and playnely ſhow,
where Loue ſtriues, Loue wil Maiſter grow.

Loue, Lawes and Iudges hath in fee,
Nature, and vſe his Iudges bee:
To whom his whole Courts cenſures flee,
Since paſt, and things to come, they ſee.

Thefe do the part of Iuſtice true,
And ſhow the Courts ſeueritie:
In Iudgement, and ſtrong Cuſtoms eye,
The Clerke is fitt for venerie.

Gainſt which the Queenes but little ſtroue,
Since Loues high voyce did it approue:
So doth on their Abodes remoue:
Who as he firſt, reſt ſtone in Loue.

Exit Phillida.
Phillida et Mars.

FINIS.

Theis do the barr of Iuſtice trie,
And ſhow the Courts ſeuerrie:
In Iudgment, and ſtrong Cuſtoms eye,
The Clerke is fitt for venerie.

Gainſt which the Queenes but little ſtroue,
Since Loues high voyce did it approue:
Sith on their Abodes remoue:
Loue is beſt, reſt ſtroue in Loue.

Explicit Adulterium
Phillidæ et Flori.

FINIS.